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From the Augusta (Geo.) Sentinel.

The enclosed lines are interesting, not only from their poetical merit, and the fine tone of feeling they exhibit, but as a tribute to American female excellence, from the pen of a foreigner. B.

VERSES

Written on reading Miss Wirt's letter descriptive of the last moments of her father.

The bird that sung thy sire's funeral lay,
Hath never hymn'd such lofty strains as thine!
The sun which did, upon that mournful day,
Bless with his light thy dying parent's shrine,
Appeared less lovely in the house of death
Than thou, fair lady! blessing with still breath
The heaven-summoned soul, who, made divine
By the rich mercy of his Saviour's grace,
Was soon to meet his Master, face to face.

Lady! I would each parent of your land
Did own a daughter of as fair a mind
As thine must be; then would affection's hand
Support declining years, and old age find
Not only sustenance from children's wealth,
But a far nobler boon; a holy health
Blessing their spirits;—as a genial wind
Is to the dying flowers of the spring
A valued treasure past imagining.

Is it not beautiful, when manhood's prime
Fades into Age, to see a gentle girl
Guarding the feelings of her childhood's time,
"Nature's inheritance," from the rude whirl,
The spirit-killing whirl of Folly's sea?
Whose scarcely noticed waves continually
Make shipwreck of our hopes, and then unfurl
Over the regions of the happy past
Destruction's banner to life's very last.

Long be thy womanhood's blotless page
Writ in the Book of Life, where we may trace
Much that is lovely; till a green old age,
Silently changing every youthful grace
Into its heavenly nature, you ascend
Unto your father's kingdom; and each friend
Known, loved, and valued on this earthly stage,
Shall joy, their sister in an honored grave
Hath passed Affliction's troubled bitter wave.

Thou wilt not know Affliction. 'Tis for thee
The shadow of a shade. Its bitter tear
May dim the brightness of thine eyes, and be
Its mirror on thy hectic'd cheek;—its *fear*
(Mail'd in such holy armor as thou art)
Can never pass the threshold of thy heart.
And strives in vain to gain admittance there,
The spirit of Affliction is its tears;
Bereft of them, it perishes in tears. E. G.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE.

It is an axiom in philosophy, that every effect hath some cause pre-existent to itself. When we look abroad, and contemplate our world, our system and the universe at large, we are struck with the power and wisdom and goodness of this pre-existing cause. Every part of nature manifests power unparalleled; every part displays wisdom far superior to human wisdom, inasmuch as the wisest philosophers of earth have been able to investigate but a very little of all her wonders; every part evinces the highest benevolence. Thus the mind is led to admire and adore, whilst in every part of creation, it is enabled to read the character of the author; it sees his wisdom and his power—it is humbled, for in the contrast it learns its own ignorance and impotency. When in the works of nature, we discover the essential attributes of Deity, with the Psalmist, we are ready to exclaim,—"What is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the Son of Man, that thou visitest him?"

This doctrine is calculated to produce the most salutary impressions on the mind. It is one which reason sanctions and inculcates; it is taught by the voice of universal nature, and is engraven on the tablets of every heart. I have often wondered how it is that some, invested with the panoply of atheism, deny a doctrine so plain, so necessary, and so solacing. The former truly makes all the diversified forms of matter to be the effect of chance, by which I understand the negation of any determinate cause; but this doctrine is not consonant with reason—it contradicts the voice of nature, and therefore it is not, and never was theoretically prevalent. Men, since the world was, have been Polytheists, rather than Atheists; and whenever they are destitute of revelation, this is likely to be the case—so teaches the history of the world.

Atheism affirms that matter is eternal, because it is impossible that nothing should be made something, and it is impossible something should be made nothing. This position, it is granted, hath some apparent ground upon which to rest; and it would remain immovable, did we not know that the power which caused the essence, as well as the existence of all things, is eternal and infinite. It is by far more easily comprehended, how all substances should have been literally created, and how they are but the effects of some first cause, than how much matter could be eternal and self-creating. Unless we admit the creation of all things, we discard our first axiom, which is the firmest pillar on which philosophy rests, and which cannot be removed without prostrating the whole superstructure to the earth.

It has been pertinently said by one, that with a first cause, we can account for all things readily, but without it, we can account for nothing satisfactorily. The present improved system of philosophy, is like an even chain, regularly forged by reason, of which the first cause forms the first and last links; and hence it is, that those who deny it, run into a labyrinth of difficulty and error, from which all their ingenuity has never been able to extricate them. It is certainly more compatible with reason, to account for the beauty, harmony, and order which we witness in nature, on the principle of a designing first cause, than by the accidental coming together of particles and masses of matter into particular situations and figures. Indeed, it is inconsonant with reason, to suppose that beauty to come from deformity, harmony from discord, and order from confusion, without any design manifested, or influence exerted.

Nature every where indicates design; and from the very office each part sustains, she shows that all were intended to answer some particular purpose. This is true, with respect to the inanimate, as well as the animate world. Although there are many things in the inorganic creation, which, in the first inspection of them, do not appear to serve any special end; yet the philosopher can discern in each some evident design—can convince himself that these are not without their utility. It is a vulgar idea, says the logician, which represents the most obvious and sensible appearances that are contained in the object of them, whilst a learned idea penetrates farther into the natures, properties, reasons, causes and effects of things.

In the organic world, no person can help discovering the indices of design. From the meanest to the noblest part, the animal kingdom abounds with wonders; and every one must be struck with the wisdom and power portrayed in the instruction of each of its members. In the inferior order, some do—all might be made to subserve an important end in the economy of life; their different grades are such, that some do, and all might be made to answer a particular part. But when we come to the noblest of Nature's works, we cannot refrain from acknowledging, that he exhibits the most superlative wisdom, and the greatest design, both in the structure of his mental and corporeal parts. Every one, who understands any thing of the mechanism of the human body, can have no doubts as to its being the production of infinite wisdom—here in every part he sees written, as with the most delicate pencil's design! The anatomy of the human frame is truly wonderful, and sufficient to convince any person of the nature of its origin; the delicacy of the different organs, the position of the arteries, vessels, &c., the circulation of the blood, and the various secretions, are some of the items which prove the existence of a first cause.

But the mind, no less than the body, claims to be the effect of a designing cause. It is a substance different from the body; the one is material, the other is immaterial. To the one, belongs the properties of bodies; to the other, the attributes of spirits. The body is liable to decrepitude—the mind is strengthened and improved by cultivation. It is not in accordance with reason, to believe that a substance, such as the mind—one capable of such expansion and of accomplishing such results, should ever have been the creature of chance. The mind has delighted itself in contemplating the wonders of creation; it has soared away into the starry regions of space, and viewed worlds innumerable, and too remote to be discerned by the naked eye; it has developed the laws of nature; it has descended into the earth, and accounted for the phenomena which there take place, and in many instances it has given an easy solution to the once mysterious problem of nature. The mind naturally projects design; it always acts in view of some end; it is influenced by motives, and it resists compulsion, which prove that it is not only distinct from matter, but that it is, indeed, the effect of design.

Every part of creation, ere *minimo ad maximum*, declares the existence of a first cause; mind and matter, the only substances with which we are acquainted, join their testimony in evidence of the fact. If there were no other arguments to be had from the material world, methinks the order of nature, and the motion of the heavenly bodies, are sufficient to convince any person of the existence of a creating power. Matter, we know, is inert—i. e., it is incapable of changing its situation; then, if all matter was original in a state of rest, we may infer the existence of a mighty influence, when we see it possess motion. Motion is the effect of some force exerted; in a straight line, it is the effect of a single impulse—in a curve line, it is the effect of two forces; all the planets are instances of these two forces, as they move in their undeviating course around their centre. The preservation of our system depends upon the regularity of this compound motion; and, the question is, how we can account for this effect? We may say, that it is the natural tendency of bodies to attract those which come within the sphere of their attractive influences, and thus it may seem that we have accounted for the centripetal tendency; but the question still remains unanswered, in what way we can account for the centrifugal. That a larger body should attract a smaller one, is natural; but that a smaller body should have a constant tendency to recede from the larger, is not accounted for by any of the properties of bodies. It seems to me, that the laws of motion are not to be answered by any method of reasoning, which sets aside a first cause.

Thus, we have seen, that the existence of a God is certain; and so many reasons have we to believe it, that Addison has said correctly, it is the only thing of which we are certain. All nature proclaims her grand Author. From every part she exhibits, by the most brilliantly reflected rays, the image of her Creator. Look where we will, we read the doctrine written in blazing capitals; wherever we turn, we hear the voice without according to that within, whilst reason and nature harmoniously agree in setting forth the omnipotent Architect of the universe. A.

From the Western Monthly Magazine.

A SKETCH.

From the blank-book of a Sexagenarian.

'Come what may, you will never find the happiness you ask; you exact too much from the ideal.'

The prophetess spoke truth; but I had worshiped the ideal too long to heed the admonition; and I turned again to the everSmiling countenance of Hope, who still urged me onward.

Oh, Hope! fair is thy form to the vision of youth and inexperience. Softly dost thou linger with us in the spring-time of existence. Beautiful are thy pictures of happiness, and sweet are the tones of promise with which thou dost betray us. Lovely, fair, but ever in the dim distance, is the goal of contentment and joy which thou dost point out to us: and we struggle forward, amid strife, and toil, and sorrow—still by thee deceived, and still seduced—until we totter to the brink of the grave, to hear the only truth which thou dost ever utter. It tells of peace in heaven.

* * * * * * * *

I stood at morning upon the the peninsula of Apsheron, and the restless waters of the Caspain were sparkling before me in the sunlight. Noon came and passed; but the promised boon came not. It never came.

'Well, well,' I exclaimed, 'I can die here. The cold waves shall sing my requiem, and their mourning shall outlive my name and the record of my fate.'

'Follow! follow! follow!' said my mysterious guide, 'Follow—to the sunny clime of Italy, or die, a baffled wanderer, here.'

'Have I not followed thee, faithfully and far? Have I not journeyed with thee through many a strange land! The banks of the Euphrates are imprinted with our footsteps, and in the groves of Damascus, and beneath the cedars of Mount Lebanon have we reposed. We have stood in sorrow by the entombed grandeur of Luksor, and in the ever-green valley of Quito, we have loitered in vain. Through climes of eternal snow—through deserts of burning sands—through ocean's calms and storms, with thee have I toiled—with thee I have journeyed—and thou—*thou* hast ever mocked me——Oh! deceiver, I will follow thee still!'

* * * * * *

Gloriously the moonbeams glittered upon the towering spires of St. Peter's. Softly they shone upon the buildings of the Vatican. Silence reposed upon the bosom of night, and sweet flowers mingled their perfume with the breath of zephyrs. Who could have told that, on such a night, the dark angel of destruction was unfurling his banner.

A piercing cry broke the stillness of the hour, and shrieks of 'fire!' resounded wildly through the air. I started from the column against which I had been leaning, and flew towards the part of the city from which the alarm proceeded. Dashing onward, through hurrying men, and terified women and shrieking children, the broad, bright blaze of the destroying element soon broke upon my sight. It arose from the dwelling of the Signor di Valendi.

'Save her! save her! for the sake of the holy virgin, save my child,' cried a gray-haired man, as I reached the spot. His eyes and hands were raised in agony towards the upper part of the building, as he spoke.—Casting a single glance in the direction indicated, I beheld his daughter, leaning, pale, and apparently paralyzed, against the side of one of the windows, at a fearful height from the ground. The fire originated in a back apartment below, and the building was almost entirely enveloped in flame. Below—above—around—all was smoking, blazing and crackling.

A few, urged by feelings of humanity, or the cries of the aged father, made attempts to enter the blazing pile and rescue his daughter; but they were driven back by the flames that began to curl in red wreaths along the flight of stairs that arose from the hall.

My coat and cap were upon the ground in an instant. My eye caught the prostrate form of Carlo, who was crouching and wining before me.

'If I perish, God bless thee, Carlo!' I forgot, in that moment that he was a dog.

I flew into the smoking hall, and bounded up the fiery stairs with the speed and strength of a tiger. I reached the third story, and found myself in a back apartment, without ceiling or roof, amid the flame and smoke, and falling brands, while the red rafters threatened destruction from above. I saw a smoking door before me which seemed to lead into an apartment fronting the street. I did not stop to reflect, but rushing forward, the iron bolt gave way at my touch, and in another instant the object of my search was in my arms. Flying again to the door at which I had entered, I saw a sight that chilled my heart to the very core. Large pieces of timber had fallen upon the staircase, and were blazing, and crackling, and sending up, and around hot flames—hot as the flames of hell.

"God of heaven do not forsake me, now," I exclaimed, as I pressed my unconscious burden closer to my heart. At that instant I saw a flight of stairs that led to an upper apartment, from the room in which I then stood. I remember that I passed up those stairs, forced my way through a skylight, and found myself upon that part of the roof which looked upon the street. The flames were curling over the cone. Large flakes of fire were falling around me. I saw the roof of an adjoining building which the destructive element had not reached. I rushed towards it along the very verge of the eaves, and found that a chasm several feet wide separated the two houses. Ah! it was no time to despair—no time to doubt. I made the leap. I reached the roof, and fell, and rolled with my senseless burden to the very verge—over but I grasped with one hand an iron rod that passed along the eaves—and I knew that I had saved the old man's child. Ay—I saw that I grasped her wrist with my right hand. I saw that my fingers were buried in the flesh. And I knew she was safe!

I looked down upon the silent crowd. The light of the flames shone full upon them. They spoke not—they moved not—but with pale cheeks and parted lips, they stood, statue-like, gazing up at me, as I hung suspended from the roof.

"A ladder!" I exclaimed, in a voice which I did not recognize as my own. The words had an electric effect. The whole mass below appeared to be in agitation. Another moment, and a ladder was raised against the wall. I felt my feet upon one of the rounds. Releasing my hold of the rod, I began to descend. My frame seemed to be of iron. Not a muscle shook, not a nerve trembled. I reached the ground in safety. I saw the old man clasp his child to his heart. I saw no more—I remembered no more of what passed that night. The roaring of a thousand cataracts sounded in my ears, and I staggered and reeled, and fell.

* * * * *

How long I remained insensible I know not. I awoke as from a dream, and found myself reclining upon a sofa in a gorgeous apartment, which was lighted by a lamp that burned feebly upon a small table near me. I was just awakening from the fever of delirium, and it was some time ere I could collect my wandering senses. The events of the night of the fire however, soon recurred to my mind; and I remembered all.—But I knew not where I was. Looking around the dimly lighted apartment, I saw a female form. She seemed to be gazing on me with a look of the sweetest tenderness. Those features could not be mistaken. I should have known them in eternity. It was the daughter of the signor di Valendi. A sudden light burst upon my soul. Was my pilgrimage at last ended? Was the boon at last found? Would *she* love me? Why would she not? My heart again felt the thrill of the spring time of youth. My blood ran wildly through my veins. I arose from the couch. I knelt before her. I spoke long and incoherently. I told her all my sorrows, and all my hopes. I was bewildered with the intensity of my own feelings. She did not turn from me. Her face was not averted, and I thought I saw by the flickering light, a deep blush suffusing her cheeks. I thought I saw her white bosom heave with emotion, while a tear seemed to be stealing to her soft blue eyes. I believed she would love me. How could I doubt it. Maddened with ecstacy, I arose from my kneeling posture, and rushing forward, clasped to my heart—PICTURED CANVASS—lifeless—soulless—cold.

Slowly did I unclasp that embrace. Steadily did I gaze for one moment on the portrait before me. I did not faint, nor fall—nor falter. But I laughed—ay, laughed—long—loudly—bitterly.

VANITY.—All is vanity among men, their joy as well as their sorrow. It is better, however, that the soap-bubble should glitter with gold, or wear an azure tint, than be overcast with clouds, or what painters of nature call a dim obscurity.

A mediocrity in writing is quicker perceived in poetry than in any thing else. Who would not *buoy* on the surface sometimes, than always *anchor* in the mud.

Interior of the Temple of Concord, &c. Rome.

All that now remains of the Temple of Concord at Rome, is eight pillars of oriental granite. Scarcely any thing is left above the architrave; all that exists is of brick; and there are arches in it over the intercolumniations. This temple was destroyed by fire, and was probably repaired in haste; the materials employed had probably belonged to different buildings, for neither the diameter of the pillars nor the intercolumniations are equal. One of them has evidently been made up of fragments of two different pillars, so that the diameter is perceptibly greater near the summit than in the middle. The bases are composed of Doric and Ionic, mixed. The bases and capitals are of white marble, and with the exception above mentioned are formed each of one block of granite; they are altogether 43 feet in height, and 13 feet in circumference.

It was long supposed that the edifice to which these pillars belonged, was that temple of Concord where Tully assembled the Senate on Cataline's conspiracy. In fact, the Temple went by this name for a long period, but now, that it has become the fashion with Roman antiquaries to call into dispute the names given to ancient buildings, the Temple of Concord has been obliged to change its name, and is now conjectured to be a Temple of Fortune; there seems to be no direct evidence for the change.

In front of these fine ruins is the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans (the thunderer,) erected by Augustus, in gratitude for his escape from the lightning which killed one of his attendants preceding his litter. The pillars on the left of the picture overgrown with moss, are of great size, four feet four inches in diameter; and appear to have been tinged with a purple colour, which may still be clearly observed in the fluting near the capitals. Upon the lateral frieze are sculptured several ornaments connected with sacrifices.

The church of Santa Martina also on the left of the picture, is now dedicated to St. Luke, and one of the oldest churches in Rome still in repair. It was given to the Academy of Painters who dedicated it to their patron St. Luke. Its subterranean vaults are well worth seeing; annexed to the church is the gallery belonging to the Academy of St. Luke. It contains the portraits of a number of the most celebrated painters; among others that of Raphael, and a portrait of the saint by that master.

The general reader never tires of reading of Rome and its antiquities; the Coliseum, the Capitol, the Forum, St. Peter's and the Vatican never fail to gratify the enthusiasm of the classical enthusiast. The pensive reflections inspired by the recollections of the historic past are more freely called up in Rome than elsewhere. Our readers who desire to pursue the subject are referred to a most charming book, entitled "*Rome in the Nineteenth Century,*" written by a lady of fine taste and talent, with all the playfulness of a female pen, light, graceful, and interesting, and yet filled with desirable information, which all should possess, and yet few attain, because the generality of books on the subject of Rome are filled only with dry details. *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, on the contrary, will delight *every reader* with the least pretentions to taste.

Chapters from the Note-Book

OF A DECEASED LAWYER.

One of the most extraordinary and most interesting trials of which I find any account in my note-book, took place in the Northern Circuit, very little less than fifty years ago. It is instructive in many points of view. To those who believe that they see the finger of Providence especially pointing out the murderer, and guiding, in a slow but unerring course, the footsteps of the avenger of blood, it will afford matter of deep meditation and reflection. To those who think more lightly upon such subjects; to those whom philosophy or indifference has taught to regard the passing current of events as gliding on in a smooth and unruffled channel, varied only by the leaves which the chance winds may blow into the stream, it will offer food for grave contemplation. However they may smile at the thought of Divine interposition, they will recognise in this story another proof of the wisdom of the sage of old, who said, that when the Gods had determined to destroy a man, they began by depriving him of his senses, that is, by making him act as if he had lost them. To the inexperienced in my profession it will teach a lesson of prudence, more forcible than ten thousand arguments could make it; they will learn that of which they stand deeply in need, and which scarce anything but dear-bought experience can enforce—to rest satisfied with success, without examining too nicely how it has been obtained, and never to hazard a defeat by pushing a victory too far. "*Leave well alone*" is a maxim which a wise man in every situation of life will do well to observe; but if a barrister hopes to rise to eminence and distinction, let him have it deeply engraven on the tablet of his memory.

In the year 17—, John Smith was indicted for the wilful murder of Henry Thomson. The case was one of a most extraordinary nature, and the interest excited by it was almost unparalleled.—The accused was a gentleman of considerable property, residing upon his own estate, in an unfrequented part of —— shire. A person, supposed to be an entire stranger to him, had, late in a summer's day, requested and obtained shelter and hospitality for the night. He had, it was supposed, after taking some slight refreshment, retired to bed in perfect health, requesting to be awakened at an early hour the following morning. When the servant appointed to call him entered his room for that purpose, he was found in his bed, perfectly dead; and, from the appearance of the body, it was obvious that he had been so for many hours. There was not the slightest mark of violence on his person, and the countenance retained the same expression which it had borne during his life. Great consternation was, of course, excited by this discovery, and inquiries were immediately made, first, as to who the stranger was—and, secondly, as to how he met with his death. Both were unsuccessful. As to the former, no information could be obtained—no clue discovered to lead to the knowledge either of his name, his person, or his occupation. He had arrived on horseback, and was seen passing through a neighbouring village about an hour before he reached the house where his existence was so mysteriously terminated, but could be traced no farther. Beyond this, all was conjecture.

With respect to the death, as little could be learned as of the dead man; it was, it is true, sudden—awfully sudden; but there was no reason, that alone excepted, to suppose that it was caused by the hand of man, rather than by the hand of God. A coroner's jury was of course, summoned; and after an investigation, in which little more could be proved than that which I have here stated, a verdict was returned to the effect that the deceased *died by the visitation of God.* Days and weeks passed on, and little further was known. In the mean time rumour had not been idle; suspicions, vague, indeed, and undefined, but of a dark and fearful character, were at first whispered, and afterwards boldly expressed. The precise object of these suspicions was not clearly indicated; some implicated one person, some another; but they all pointed to Smith, the master of the house, as concerned in the death of the stranger. As usual in such cases, circumstances totally unconnected with the transaction in question, matters many years antecedent, and relating to other persons, as well as other times, were used as auxiliary to the present charge. The character of Smith, in early life, had been exposed to much observation. While his father was yet alive, he had left his native country, involved in debt, known to have been guilty of great irregularities, and suspected of being not over-scrupulous as to the mode of obtaining those supplies of money of which he was continually in want, and which he seemed somewhat inexplicably to procure.

Ten years and more had elapsed since his return; and the events of his youth had been forgotten by many, and to many were entirely unknown; but, on this occasion, they were revived, and, probably, with considerable additions.

Two months after the death of the stranger, a gentleman arrived at the place, impressed with a belief that he was his brother, and seeking for information either to confirm or refute his suspicions. The horse and the clothes of the unfortunate man still remained, and were instantly recognised; one other test there was, though it was uncertain whether that would lead to any positive conclusion; the examination of the body. The test was tried; and although decomposition had gone on rapidly, yet enough remained to identify the body, which the brother did most satisfactorily. As soon as it was known that there was a person authorized by relationship to the deceased to inquire into the cause of his death, and, if it should appear to have been otherwise than natural, to take steps for bringing to justice those who had been concerned in it, the reports which had been previously floating idly about, and circulated without having any distinct object, were collected into one channel, and poured into his ear. What those reports were, and what they amounted to, it is not necessary here to mention; suffice it to say, that the brother laid before the magistrates of the district such evidence as induced them to commit Mr. Smith to gaol, to take his trial for the wilful murder of Henry Thomson. As it was deemed essential to the attainment of justice, to keep secret the examination of the witnesses who were produced before the magistrates, all the information of which the public were in possession before the trial took place, was that which I have here narrated.

Lord Mansfield's charge to the grand jury upon the subject of this murder had excited a good deal of attention. He had recommended them, if they entertained reasonable doubts of the sufficiency of the evidence to ensure a conviction, to throw out the *Bill;* explaining to them most justly and clearly that, in the event of their doing so, if any additional evidence should, at a future time, be discovered, the prisoner could again be apprehended and tried for the offence; whereas, if they found a true Bill, and, from deficiency of proof, he was now acquitted on his trial, he could never again be molested, even though the testimony against him should be morally as clear as light. The grand jury after, as was supposed, very considerable discussion among themselves, and, as was rumoured, by a majority of only one, returned a true Bill.

Never shall I forget the appearance of anxiety exhibited upon every countenance on the entrance of the judge into court. In an instant the most profound silence prevailed; and interest, intense and impassioned, though subdued, seemed to wait upon every word and every look, as if divided between expectation and doubt, whether something might not even yet interfere to prevent the extraordinary trial from taking place. Nothing, however, occurred; and the stillness was broken by the mellow and silvery voice of Lord Mansfield—"*Let John Smith be placed at the bar.*" The order was obeyed; and, as the prisoner entered the dock, he met on every side the eager and anxious eyes of a countless multitude bent in piercing scrutiny upon his face.—And well did he endure that scrutiny. A momentary suffusion covered his cheeks: but it was only momentary, and less than might have been expected from an indifferent person, who found himself on a sudden "the observed of all observers." He bowed respectfully to the court; and then folding his arms, seemed to wait until he should be called upon to commence his part in that drama in which he was to perform so conspicious a character. I find it difficult to describe the effect produced on my mind by his personal appearance; yet his features were most remarkable, and are indelibly impressed on my memory. He was apparently between forty and fifty years of age; his hair, grown grey either from toil, or care, or age, indicated an approach to the latter period; while the strength and uprightness of his figure, the haughty coldness of his look, and an eye that spoke of fire, and pride, and passion, ill concealed, would have led conjecture to fix on the former. His countenance, at the first glance, appeared to be that which we are accustomed to associate with deeds of high and noble daring; but a second and more attentive examination of the face and brow was less satisfactory. There was, indeed, strongly marked, the intellect to conceive and devise schemes of high import; but I fancied that I could trace, in addition to it, caution to conceal the deep design, a power to penetrate the motives of others, and to personate a character at variance with his own, and a cunning that indicated constant watchfulness and circumspection. Firmness there was, to persevere to the last; but that was equivocal; and I could not help persuading myself that it was *not* of that character which would prompt to deeds of virtuous enterprise, or to "seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth;" but that it was rather allied to that quality which would "let no compunctious visitings of Nature shake his fell purpose," whatever it might be. The result of this investigation into his character, such as it was, was obviously unfavourable; and yet there were moments when I thought I had meted out to him a hard measure of justice, and when I was tempted to accuse myself of prejudice in the opinion I had formed of him; and particularly when he was asked by the clerk of the arraigns the usual question, "Are you guilty, or not guilty?" as he drew his form up to his tallest height, and the fetters clanked upon his legs, as he answered with unfaltering tongue and unblenching cheek, "Not guilty," my heart smote me for having involuntarily interpreted against him every sign that was doubtful.

The counsel for the prosecution opened his case to the jury in a manner that indicated very little expectation of a conviction. He began by imploring them to divest their minds of all that they had heard before they came into the box; he entreated them to attend to the evidence, and judge from that alone. He stated that, in the course of his experience, which was very great, he had never met with a case involved in deeper mystery than that upon which he was then addressing them. The prisoner at the bar was a man moving in a respectable station in society, and maintaining a fair character. He was, to all appearance, in the possession of considerable property, and was above the ordinary temptations to commit so foul a crime. With respect to the property of the deceased, it was strongly suspected that he had either been robbed of, or in some inexplicable manner made way with, gold and jewels to a very large amount; yet, in candour, he was bound to admit that no portion of it, however trifling, could be traced to the prisoner. As to any motive of malice or revenge, none could by possibility be assigned for the prisoner and the deceased were, as far as could be ascertained, total strangers to each other.—Still there were most extraordinary circumstances connected with his death, pregnant with suspicion at least, and imperiously demanding explanation; and it was justice, no less to the accused than to the public, that the case should undergo judicial investigation. The deceased Henry Thomson was a jeweller, residing in London, wealthy, and in considerable business; and, as was the custom of his time, in the habit of personally conducting his principal transactions with the foreign merchants with whom he traded. He had travelled much in the course of his business in Germany and Holland; and it was to meet at Hull a trader of the latter nation, of whom he was to make a large purchase, that he had left London a month before his death.—It would be proved by the landlord of the inn where he had resided, that he and his correspondent had been there; and a wealthy jeweller of the town, well acquainted with both parties, had seen Mr. Thomson after the departure of the Dutchman; and could speak positively to there being then in his possession jewels of large value, and gold, and certain bills of exchange, the parties of which he could describe. This was on the morning of Thomson's departure from Hull, on his return to London, and was on the day but one preceding that on which he arrived at the house of the prisoner. What had become of him in the interval could not be ascertained; nor was the prisoner's house situated in the road which he ought to have taken. No reliance, however, could be placed on that circumstance; for it was not at all uncommon for persons who travelled with property about them, to leave the direct road even for a considerable distance, in order to secure themselves as effectually as possible from the robbers by whom the remote parts of the country were greatly infested. He had not been seen from the time of his leaving Hull till he reached the village next adjoining Smith's house, and through which he passed without even a momentary halt. He was seen to alight at Smith's gate, and the next morning was discovered dead in his bed. He now came to the most extraordinary part of the case. It would be proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt that the deceased died by *poison*—poison of a most subtle nature, most active in its operation, and possessing the wonderful and dreadful quality of leaving no external mark or token by which its presence could be detected. The ingredients of which it was composed were of so sedative a nature, that, instead of the body on which it had been used exhibiting any contortions, or marks of suffering, it left upon the features nothing but the calm and placid quiet of repose. Its effects, and indeed its very existence, were but recently known in this country, though it had for some time been used in other nations of Europe; and it was supposed to be a discovery of the German chemists, and to be produced by a powerful distillation of the seed of the wild cherry tree, so abundant in the Black Forest.

But the fact being ascertained, that the cause of the death was poison, left open the much more momentous question, by whom was it administered? It could hardly be supposed to be by the deceased himself! there was nothing to induce such a suspicion; and there was this important circumstance, which of itself almost negatived its possibility, that no phial, or vessel of any kind, had been discovered, in which the poison could have been contained. Was it then the prisoner who administered it? Before he asked them to come to that conclusion, it would be necessary to state more distinctly what his evidence was. The prisoner's family consisted only of himself, a housekeeper, and one man-servant. The man-servant slept in an out-house adjoining the stable, and did so on the night of Thomson's death. The prisoner slept at one end of the house, and the housekeeper at the other, and the deceased had been put in a room adjoining the housekeeper's. It would be proved, by a person who happened to be passing by the house on the night in question, about three hours after midnight, that he had been induced to remain and watch, from having his attention excited by the circumstance, then very unusual, of a light moving about the house at that late hour. That person would state, most positively, that he could distinctly see a figure, holding a light, go from the room in which the prisoner slept, to the housekeeper's room, and the light disappeared for a minute. Whether the two persons went into Thomson's room he could not see, as the window of that room looked another way; but in about a minute they returned, passing quite along the house to Smith's room again; and in about five minutes the light was extinguished, and he saw it no more.

Such was the evidence upon which the magistrates had committed Smith; and singularly enough, since his committal, the housekeeper had been missing, nor could any trace of her be discovered. Within the last week, the witness who saw the light had been more particularly examined; and, in order to refresh his memory, he had been placed, at dark, in the very spot where he had stood on that night, and another person was placed with him. The whole scene, as he had described it, was acted over again; but it was utterly impossible, from the cause above mentioned, to ascertain, when the light disappeared, whether the parties had gone into Thomson's room. As if, however, to throw still deeper mystery over this extraordinary transaction, the witness persisted in adding a new feature to his former statement; that, after the persons had returned with the light into Smith's room, and before it was extinguished, he had twice perceived some dark object to intervene between the light and the window, almost as large as the surface of the window itself, and which he described by saying, it appeared as if a door had been placed before the light. Now, in Smith's room, there was nothing which could account for this appearance; his bed was in a different part; and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the bed, was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed being at a distance beyond it. He would state only one fact more (said the learned counsel) and he had done his duty; it would then be for the jury to do theirs. Within a few days there had been found, in the prisoner's house, the stopper of a small bottle of a very singular description; it was apparently not of English manufacture, and was described, by the medical men, as being of the description used by chemists to preserve those liquids which are most likely to lose their virtue by exposure to the air. To whom it belonged, or to what use it had been applied, there was no evidence to show.

Such was the address of the counsel for the prosecution; and during its delivery I had earnestly watched the countenance of the prisoner, who had listened to it with deep attention. Twice only did I perceive that it produced in him the slightest emotion. When the disappearance of his housekeeper was mentioned, a smile, as of scorn, passed over his lip; and the notice of the discovery of the stopper obviously excited an interest, and, I thought, an apprehension; but it quickly subsided. I need not detail the evidence that was given for the prosecution; it amounted, in substance, to that which the counsel stated, nor was it varied in any particular. The stopper was produced, and proved to be found in the house, but no attempt was made to trace it to the prisoner's possession, or even to knowledge.

When the case was closed, the Judge, addressing the counsel for the prosecution, said, he thought there was hardly sufficient evidence to call upon the prisoner for his defence; and if the jury were of the same opinion, they would at once stop the case. Upon this observation from the Judge, the jury turned round for a moment, and then intimated their acquiescence in his lordship's view of the evidence. The counsel folded up their briefs, and a verdict of acquittal was about to be taken, when the prisoner addressed the court. He stated, that having been accused of so foul a crime as murder, and having had his character assailed by suspicions of the most afflicting nature, that character could never be cleared by his acquittal, upon the ground that the evidence against him was inconclusive, without giving him an opportunity of stating his own case, and calling a witness to counteract the impression that had been raised against him, by explaining those circumstances which at present appeared doubtful. He urged the learned Judge to permit him to state his case to the jury, and to call his housekeeper, with so much earnestness, and was seconded so strongly by his counsel, that Lord Mansfield, though very much against his inclination, and contrary to his usual habit, gave way, and yielded to the fatal request.

The prisoner then addressed the jury, and entreated their patience for a short time. He repeated to them that he never could feel satisfied to be acquitted, merely because the evidence was not conclusive; and pledged himself, in a very short time, by the few observations he should make, and the witness whom he should call, to obtain their verdict upon much higher grounds, upon the impossibility of his being guilty of the dreadful crime. With respect to the insinuations which had been thrown out against him, he thought one observation would dispose of them. Assuming it to be true that the deceased died from the effect of poison, of which he called God to witness that he had never even heard either the name or the existence until this day, was not every probability in favour of his innocence? Here was a perfect stranger, not known to have in his possession a single article of value, who might either have lost, or been robbed of, that property which he was said to have had at Hull. What so probable as that he should, in a moment of despair at his loss, have destroyed himself? The fatal drug was stated to have been familiar in those countries in which Mr. Thomson had travelled, while to himself it was utterly unknown. Above all, he implored the jury to remember, that although the eye of malice had watched every proceeding of his since the fatal accident, and though the most minute search had been made into every part of his premises, no vestige had been discovered of the most trifling article belonging to the deceased, nor had even a rumour been circulated that poison of any kind had been ever in his possession. Of the stopper which had been found, he disowned all knowledge; he declared, most solemnly, that he had never seen it before it was produced in court; and he asked, could the fact of its being found in his house, only a few days ago, when hundreds of people had been there, produce upon an impartial mind even a momentary prejudice against him? One *fact*, and one only, had been proved, to which it was possible for him to give an answer, the fact of his having gone to the bed-room of his housekeeper on the night in question. He had been subject, for many years of his life, to sudden fits of illness; he had been seized with one on that occasion, and had gone to her to procure her assistance in lighting a fire. She had returned with him to his room for that purpose, he having waited for a minute in the passage while she put on her clothes, which would account for the momentary disappearance of the light; and after she had remained in his room for a few minutes, finding himself better, he had dismissed her, and retired again to bed, from which he had not risen when he was informed of the death of his guest. It had been said, that, after his committal to prison, his housekeeper had disappeared. He avowed that, finding his enemies determined, if possible, to accomplish his ruin, he had thought it probable they might tamper with his servant; he had, therefore, kept her out of their way; but for what purpose? Not to prevent her testimony being given, for she was now under the care of his solicitor, and would instantly appear for the purpose of confirming, as far as she was concerned, the statement which he had just made.

Such was the prisoner's address, which produced a very powerful effect. It was delivered in a firm and impressive manner, and its simplicity and artlessness gave to it an appearance of truth. The housekeeper was then put into the box, and examined by the counsel for the prisoner. According to the custom, at that time almost universal, of excluding witnesses from court until their testimony was required, she had been kept at a house near at hand, and had not heard a single word of the trial. There was nothing remarkable in her manner or appearance; she might be about thirty-five, or a little more; with regular though not agreeable features, and an air perfectly free from embarrassment. She repeated, almost in the prisoner's own words, the story that he had told of his having called her up, and her having accompanied him to his room, adding that, after leaving him, she had retired to her own room, and been awakened by the man-servant in the morning, with an account of the traveller's death. She had now to undergo a cross-examination; and I may as well state here, that which, though not known to me till afterwards, will assist the reader in understanding the following scene:—The counsel for the prosecution had, in his own mind, attached considerable importance to the circumstance mentioned by the witness who saw the light, that while the prisoner and the housekeeper were in the room of the former, something like a [illegible] had [illegible] and the window, which was [illegible]ble with the appearance of the room when examined; and he had half-persuaded himself, that there must be a secret closet which had escaped the search of the officers of justice, the opening of which would account for the appearance alluded to, and the existence of which might discover the property which had so mysteriously disappeared. His object, therefore, was to obtain from the housekeeper (the only person except the prisoner who could give any clue to this) such information as he could get, without alarming her by any direct inquiry on the subject, which, as she could not help seeing its importance, would have led her at once to a positive denial. He knew, moreover, that as she had not been in court, she could not know how much or how little the inquiry had already brought to light; and by himself treating the matter as immaterial, he might lead her to consider it so also, and by that means draw forth all that she knew. After some few unimportant questions, he asked her, in a tone and manner calculated rather to awaken confidence than to excite distrust,—

During the time you were in Mr. Smith's room, you stated that the candle stood on the table, in the centre of the room?—Yes.

Was the closet, or cupboard, or whatever you call it, opened *once* or *twice*, while it stood there?—A pause; no answer.

I will call it to your recollection; after Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet, did he shut the door, or did it remain open?—He shut it.

Then it was opened again for the purpose of replacing the bottle, was it?—It was.

Do you recollect how long it was open the last time?—Not above a minute.

The door, when open, would be exactly between the light and the window, would it not?—It would.

I forget whether you said the closet was on the right, or left, hand side of the window?—The left.

Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening?—None.

Can you speak positively to that fact? Have you ever opened it yourself, or only seen Mr. Smith open it?—I never opened it myself.

Did you never keep the key?—Never.

Who did?—Mr. Smith always.

At this moment the witness chanced to turn her eyes towards the spot where the prisoner stood, and the effect was almost electrical. A cold damp sweat stood upon his brow, and his face had lost all its colour; he appeared a living image of death. She no sooner saw him than she shrieked and fainted. The consequences of her answers flashed across her mind. She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the advocate, and by the little importance he had seemed to attach to her statements, that she had been led on by one question to another, till she had told him all that he wanted to know. A medical man was immediately directed to attend her, and during the interval occasioned by this interruption to the proceedings, the solicitor for the prosecution left the court. In a short time the gentleman who had attended the witness returned into court, and stated that it was impossible that she could at present resume her place in the box, and suggested that it would be much better to allow her to wait for an hour or two. It was now about twelve in the day; and Lord Mansfield, having directed that the jury should be accommodated with a room where they could be kept by themselves, adjourned the court for two hours. The prisoner was taken back to gaol, and the witness to an apartment in the gaoler's house; and strict orders were given that she should be allowed to communicate with no one, except in the presence and hearing of the physician. It was between four and five o'clock when the judge resumed his seat upon the bench, the prisoner his station at the bar, and the housekeeper her's at the witness-box; the court in the interval had remained crowded with the spectators, scarce one of whom had left his place, lest during his absence it should be seized by some one else.

The cross-examining counsel then addressed the witness—I have very few more questions to ask of you, but beware that you answer them truly, for your own life hangs upon a thread.

Do you know this stopper?—I do.

To whom does it belong?—To Mr. Smith.

When did you see it last?—On the night of Mr. Thomson's death.

At this moment the solicitor for the prosecution entered the court, bringing with him, upon a tray, a watch, two money bags, a jewel-case, a pocket-book, and a bottle of the same manufacture as the stopper, and having a cork in it; some other articles there were in it, not material to my story. The tray was placed on the table in sight of the prisoner and the witness; and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man of the guilt of the prisoner. A few words will bring my tale to its close. The house where the murder had been committed was between nine and ten miles distant. The solicitor, as soon as the cross-examination of the housekeeper had discovered the existence of the closet, and its situation, had set off on horseback, with two sheriff's officers, and, after pulling down part of the wall of the house, had detected this important place of concealment. Their search was well rewarded; the whole of the property belonging to Mr. Thomson was found there, amounting, in value, to some thousand pounds; and to leave no room for doubt, a bottle was discovered, which the medical men instantly pronounced to contain the very identical poison which had caused the death of the unfortunate Thomson. The result was too obvious to need explanation.

The case presents the, perhaps, unparalleled instance of a man accused of murder, the evidence against whom was so slight as to induce the judge and jury to concur in a verdict of acquittal; but who, persisting in calling a witness to prove his innocence, was, upon the testimony of that very witness, *convicted and executed.*

From the Casket.

SCRIPTURE ANTHOLOGY.

BY H. C. BROOKS, A. M.

No. 1.

Abraham and Isaac. *Genesis xxii.*

Night trembled on her throne, and furling up
Her starry banner, to the conquering sun,
Whose car of flame rolled up the Eastern hills,
Resigned the silver sceptre of her reign.
Leaving his couch, while yet in foldings hung
The vale of darkness on the face of earth,
The patriarch arose, and poured his soul
In fervent aspiration to his God—
And prayed for grace to stay his fainting heart
In its deep trial.
Strengthened and composed,
With holy resignation on his brow,
He left his tent and saddling up his beast,
Clave, in obedience to the word of God,
Wood for a holocaust, whereon his son
Should to the Lord an offering be made—
And taking servants and the fated youth,
Sped on his journey to the distant hills
Of Mount Moriah.
Thrice the golden sun
Had from the glowing theatre of earth
Rolled up the curtain, bringing on the day—
And now the patriarch beheld far off
The place appointed—the then electric flash
Of anguish ran like lightning down the nerve
Of strong paternal feeling, and his hand
Palsied with age and grief smote on his breast
In nature's sorrow; yet the gath'ring shades
That clouded o'er his venerable brow,
Like shadows chased by sunbeams, fled away,
And left it cloudless, tranquil, and serene.
Now toiling up the rugged mount's ascent,
Oft resting on his staff his hoary head,
Ascended Abraham, bearing in his hand
The knife and sacred fire for sacrifice—
And by his side, groaning beneath the wood
Pressed on his victim, steadying, with his hand,
The tottering footsteps of his feebler sire.
Led on to slaughter as the unconscious lamb,
Upon his father's face he turned his eye
Of dovelike innocence, and mildly said,
"Behold the wood and fire, my father! Where,
Is the burnt offering for the Lord our God?"
The look of tender confidence, the voice,
Soft as the echoes of an angel's hymn,
Wakened in sorrow's tone the sleeping chords
Of yearning nature; and the gathering tear
Moistened his eyelids, as the patriarch gazed
On his devoted son; yet grace from Heaven,
Like oil upon the troubled Ocean's waves,
Restrained the swelling torrents of his breast,
And calmly he returned "God will provide
A victim for an offering, my son."
Now on the appointed mount the altar stood
Waiting its victim. Abraham had prayed
Until within his bosom every thought
And feeling upward rose from earth to Heaven,
Like sublimated incense; and the glow
Of heavenly composure o'er his face
Threw the calm glories of the [illegible]
As in [illegible]
He [illegible]
[illegible]
A sense of solitude—a loneliness,
Chill and oppressive to the word-struck soul—
And deeply Abraham felt it as he stood
Upon Moriah's heights, and saw around
A thousand hills rearing their azure fronts
Above the clouds, flinging back on the plain
The lengthened shadows of their giant forms.
How awful and how still was all around,
Hushed was the lip of every echo—voice
Was not on all the air: No rustling leaf
Trembled upon its stem; amid the boughs,
Tongue, pennon, plume was still; the very clouds
Poised their bright purple wings and hovered o'er.
The painful breathings of the youth, alone
Stole on his ear; and, as around he gazed,
No eye was on him, save the eternal eye,
And the broad gleam of the meridian sun;
As on the mountain altar of the Lord,
Curtained with clouds he stood to pour the blood
Of innocence—his son's, his only son's,
In a libation to the most high God.

The victim pressed the wood. The waxen neck
And ivory wrists were dented with the chords,
Until the purple blood seemed bursting through
The tissue of the pure, transparent skin.
Glowing in youthful, like a rose,
Meek as an uncomplaining lamb he lay—
Yet as he turned his silent eye to Heaven
Upon the beauteous sky and golden sun,
Glories that now would meet his gaze no more,
His snowy bosom swelled with stifled sighs;
And from his eyelid's silken fringe, the tears
Rolled down his damask cheek, like melted pearls.
Raising the fatal knife, the patriarch stood
With eye upturned to God, and throwing back
The golden curls that bathed his victim's neck,
Aimed the dread blow, when on his startled ear
A voice thrilled loudly "Abraham! forbear!
Nor stretch thy hand against thy boy to harm."
The knife, unconscious, from his palsied grasp
Fell suddenly; and from his aged eyes
Gushed the warm tear of overpowering joy,
As bending o'er his child, he loosed his bands
And pressed his beating bosom to his own,
In fervency of gratitude and love.
Now on the altar of the Lord, a lamb,
A substituted victim, blazed on high,
A holocaust in ruddy spires of flame;
While, on the incense wings of sacrifice
Wafted, arose the prayer of sire and son,
A goodly savour to the Lord, their God.

From the Religious Souvenir for 1834.

AURÆ SENTENTIÆ.

1. To know what religion has done for an individual, we should consider what he would have been without it.—*Fuller.*

2. A high conceit of one's self is no proof of excellence.—*Ibid.*

3. Had our heavenly Father intended this world for his children's portion, their accomodations would be better; but they are strangers and pilgrims travelling to a distant home, therefore they must expect *traveller's fare*—which will make home more desirable.—*Anon.*

4. Until we can make a clear distinction between head knowledge and heart experience, we may easily mistake our own works for the work of religion; which, though wrought *in* us, is not *of* us.—*Dillwyn.*

5. In religious concerns, every thing which we do of ourselves, independently of divine aid, has a tendency to stop us short of the object we are aiming at; and whatever be the substitute we rely on, whether outward or mental, it is an *idol* at the time.—*Ibid.*

6. What a mercy it is that no one ever sincerely desires to know the state of his own soul in vain! In the pursuit of all other knowledge, our motives may be too arrogant and selfish to be gratified; but in this, the deeper the research, the more we are humbled, and consequently the better prepared to receive the desired instruction.—*Ibid.*

7. Prayer is this—to look into the table and see what God has promised, to look into our hearts and ask ourselves what we want, and then, for Christ's sake, ask and expect the promise to be fulfilled.—*Anon.*

8. Paul had *three* wishes, and they were all about Christ; that he might be *found* in Christ, that he might be *with* Christ, and that he might *magnify* Christ.—*Anon.*

9. Persons may go far, and yet not far enough; they may be convinced, yet not converted; like king Saul, have *another* heart, and yet not a new one.—*Jay.*

10. Those who depend on God, shall not want even in a desert.—*Bishop Hall.*

Whoever has acquired a taste for reading, so fixed that it has settled into a habit, has become in the highest sense independent of all other sources of amusement, and sufficient to himself. Fashion and society may set up their ephemeral idol, one day admiring, and another excluding him according to its unsettled caprices. They may throw the sunshine of their favor alternately upon the rich, witty, learned, young and fortunate and gay, and he may not be able to claim to be either. But if he have learned really to love study and to hold converse with the mighty dead, he may set all their decisions at defiance. He can draw his supplies of interest and amusement, and those of the highest order, which life can furnish, from his own perennial and exhaustless fountains. Neither need he envy the possessor of the most magnificent apartments, in which to deposite his splendid copies, with their gaudy engravings, gildings and bindings. To a real lover of books, a stall, so that it be amply furnished, is as good as the Vatican, and nature offers him her universal ticket of admission to the grand apartments of her reading room; and, seeing him enter satisfied with his book in his hand, her composed visage will always meet him with a ready welcome.

[Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.]

TRIAL OF MURRAY.

Commonwealth vs. Felix Murray. } Court of Oyer and Terminer, Before Judges King, Randall, Fergusen and Knight.

Indictment for Murder.

The prisoner was indicted for the murder of Joseph [illegible], and the following jury impannelled, viz:—

[illegible]	Wm. W. Thackara,
[illegible]	Benjamin Smallcross,
[illegible]	Andrew Fenton,
[illegible]	Samuel Tiller,
[illegible]	George Hoffman,
Joseph O. Pollard,	Jonathan Thomas.

The facts of the case are briefly as follows:—

On the evening of the 4th of November last, Sutcliffe, the deceased, was sitting with his infant in his arms while his wife was preparing supper, the two children were lying in the bed in a room of an unfinished house, in Eighth below Christian street, which he rented of Mr. Timmons, at 30 cents per week—a knock was heard at the door, (at the back part of the room, which opened upon the commons,) and Felix Murray entering asked "if the painter was in," having been affirmatively answered, he sat down, with a wheelbarrow strap in his hand, Sutcliffe handed his infant to his wife, an other entered with a club, immediately struck Sutcliff over the head with the club, and Murray beat him with the buckle end of the strap.—Mrs. S. with the infant in her arms, fled and fell through the window into the cellar and brought assistance—when she came back, the assailants had disappeared—Sutcliffe was bloody, crawling on his hands and knees and was led to the Hospital, where he died on Friday evening, the 8th inst. almost immediately after he had got to the Hospital, he fell into a comatose state, from which he never recovered, and did not afterwards speak.

On his way to the hospital, he said "he was a murdered and a dying man," and that "the man (or men) who took away the stuff had murdered him;" at Mr. Timmins' house, he essayed to speak, but his mouth being filled with blood, he could hardly be understood and muttered something like murder or Murray." The identity of Murray was fixed by Mrs. Sutcliffe who said she had been acquainted with him previously and that he was one of the men who assaulted her husband. His body was bruised all over and his death was proved to have resulted from the wounds thus inflicted; Murray was not charged with the offence until the day of Sutcliffe's death, Mrs. S. being, as she said, afraid lest Murray would go away, and was in hopes that her husband would recover. [illegible]

[illegible]

...as to New York, by the Ohio and New York canals; and it is only necessary for the tolls on our Canal to be regulated on the same principles as those of New York and Ohio, to give Philadelphia, as a market for foreign shipment, a decided advantage.

One lot of 500 hhds. of Kentucky and Ohio tobacco, is now passing through our city from Pittsburgh to New York, by contract, at 75-100 per one hundred lbs. But the present rate of tolls (being 33 cents per 100 lbs.) leaves too small a sum to make it an object for the carriers. Ten thousand hhds. have already passed through the Ohio Canal to New York this season.

All which is respectfully submitted.

T. C. ROCKHILL,
WM. W. M'MAIN,
T. P. HOOPES.

Philadelphia, June 11, 1834.

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, June 21.

Appointment by the Governor.

James Wells, to be Recorder of Deeds in and for the county of Montgomery, in the place of Samuel D. Patterson, resigned.

Appointments by the Governor.

James Clarke, John Mitchell and Robert M'Coy, re-appointed Canal Commissioners, from and after the 1st June, 1834.

Samuel Kepner, to be Inspector of Flour, for the borough of Harrisburg.

James M'Gee, to be Inspector of Flour, for the borough of Columbia, Lancaster county.

Appointments by the Canal Commissioners.

John Shire, to be Supervisor of the upper end of the North Branch division, Pennsylvania Canal.

[illegible], to be Collector and Weigh Master, upon the Columbia Rail Way, at Lancaster.

Robert Hays, Collector and Weigh Master upon the Columbia Rail Way, at Downingtown.

Lehigh Coal Trade.—Despatched from Mauch Chunk, for the week ending the 13th inst.

97 boats, carrying		3,615 tons.
720 do. per last report		27,597
817 do. Total		31,212

[illegible]

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

On motion of Edward Hurst, Esq. Stephen D. Hurst was this day admitted to practice as an Attorney of the Court of Common Pleas, and District Court, for the city and county of Philadelphia.

Mammoth Sycamore Tree.—This stupendous production, now being exhibited at the Masonic Hall, is an object of much curiosity to our citizens. The tree was reared in the town of Deerfield, on the banks of the Mohawk river, N. Y. within a mile of the city of Utica. Its dimensions are, in its present state, 10 feet in height, and 33 feet in circumference. The interior is capable of containing between 40 and 50 persons.

The Public Squares.—We join in the application now being made to our Council men, that the Public Squares may be kept open until a later hour, in the evening. Ten o'clock, at this season of the year seems but the commencement of the evening, and it is cruel to deprive ladies and gentlemen of the elegant promenades which the Squares afford, at so early an hour.

While noticing this matter we may remark that the small number of seats, in both Squares, is a general matter of complaint. They ought to be increased.

Messrs. William Biddle, James Poultney, and Henry Leiar, Jr. have been elected Public School Directors, in the places of Messrs. Chas. Evans, Dr. L. P. Gebhard, and Jacob Lancaster, resigned.

Board of Health.—At a meeting of the Board of Health, on the 16th inst. R. W. Pomeroy, Esq. was elected President, in place of R. E. Griffith, M. D. resigned.

None of the Philadelphia evening papers of Monday, reached New York on Tuesday morning. Ours were mailed as usual.

The Blue Book.—We understand that there are already more than 2000 subscribers to the edition of the Blue Book proposed to be published by Key & Biddle. Citizens desirous of subscribing can call at the Exchange, or at the N. L. News Rooms, 213 north Third street.

Richard J. Manning has been elected, by a majority of more than 600 votes, over Mr. Elmore, his opponent, to fill the vacancy in the representation in Congress, from South Carolina, occasioned by the decease of Gen. Blair.

A pamphlet relating to Commodores Elliott and Perry, has been published in Boston, that seems to be a source of much uneasiness to the former, who has published a card on the subject in the newspapers. Elliott's figure head has not gained him many friends. [illegible]

[illegible]

The Hon. Judge McLean, in a letter addressed to a number of gentlemen of this city, under date of Cincinnati, June 6th, denies that he ever expressed an opinion favorable to the removal of the deposits. He declares himself in favor of a National Bank.

A desperate affray took place in Nashville, Tenn. on the 2d instant, between an editor named Wilson, and Gen. Mabry, in which the former was seriously wounded by a pistol ball. Mabry was arrested, and held to bail, in the sum of $10,000.

While attempting to raise a hickory pole in Reading, 13th instant, the gearings gave way, and the tree falling, struck Mr. David Hill of that borough, and instantly put an end to his existence.

Pirates.—We learn from Captain Harvey, of the brig Aldrich, from Bordeaux, says the Journal of Commerce, that the British brig of war, Curlew, touched at St. Michael's, May 14th, having in charge the schr. Esperanger, taken on suspicion of having assisted the piratical schr. Pandez, in plundering the Am. brig Mexican.

How it works.—The manufacturers of iron in the vicinity of Keeseville, N. Y. held a meeting, not long since, to devise means to resuscitate their languishing business. Several present, who previously had been extensively engaged in this important branch of business, declared that they had resolved to relinquish further operations until a change takes place in the times.

Buffalo.—In this flourishing village there arrived from June 4th to 10th, inclusive, twenty-eight steam boats with passengers, nineteen schooners laden with produce and merchandise, one cutter, and ten scows.

The brig Cicero, on her passage from Baltimore to Charleston, encountered a severe gale, during which the deck load, consisting of whiskey, in hogsheads and barrels, had to be thrown overboard.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrett have returned to Boston. The report that Mr. B. has taken a lease of the Walnut street theatre, is said to be erroneous.

The Norfolk Beacon states that a person, believed to be the same who absconded from Philadelphia, last week, with a package containing $1,500, was in that town on Tuesday last, endeavoring to exchange the notes for United States Bank bills, but it is believed he did not succeed.

Another Affray.—The Baltimore American states that some disturbances occurred on Monday, between parties of labourers employed on the Baltimore and Washington Rail-road, at a point about sixteen miles from that city, and that they resulted in personal collisions which occasioned the loss of several lives—one report says seven.

The New Haven Herald, in re-publishing the account of the atrocious murder of young Frost, at Mobile, says: "The perpetrator of the dreadful deed [illegible]

[illegible]

...$1200. The thieves, however, were overtaken with their booty, while on their way to the Philadelphia transportation line, and arrested.

FOREIGN NEWS.

From N. Y. Mercantile Advertiser of June 18.

Later from Europe.

The ship Eagle, Capt. Lyon, arrived yesterday from Liverpool, whence he sailed on the 21st ultimo. Capt. L. has obligingly favored us with London papers of the 16th and 17th, a Liverpool paper of the 19th, and a Belfast paper of the same date, the latest he brought—the package intended for him on the day of sailing having been accidently put on board a ship bound to Philadelphia.

The following is the only intelligence of interest we can find in these papers.

The London Times of Saturday, May 17, in its report of the proceedings of the House of Lords of the evening previous, reports that "in answer to questions from Sir R. Vyvyan, Lord Palmerston stated that a treaty which related to the affairs of the Peninsula had been signed by the Plenipotentiaries of England, France, Spain, and Portugal, and that if it should be ratified, it would be laid on the table of the house; that the ratifications of three of the parties had been received in London; that the approaching arrival of the ratification of Portugal had been officially announced, and that it might be confidently expected that the vessel bearing it would reach England in a few days.—The noble Lord stated also that it was true that Gen. Rodill was within the territories of Portugal; that he had entered them with the full consent of the Portuguese Government, and certainly without the disapprobation of the English government; that the Spanish General's operations had been confined to the dislodgment of Don Carlos and his partisans from the frontiers of Spain, and that he had not acted in concert with the troops of Donna Maria against Don Miguel, though it was true that some most important fortified towns had taken advantage of the protection they believed to be afforded them by the presence of the Spanish General to declare spontaneously for Donna Maria. The Noble Lord refused to enter into any statement respecting the provisions of the Treaty.

The English government had sent instructions to their Consuls general in Chili and Peru, to open negociations for Commercial treaties with those republics; the Minister about to sail for Buenos Ayres, was charged with the duty of negotiating a treaty with Monte Video; and exertions would be made to put an [illegible]

[illegible]

POSTSCRIPT.

Late and important from Europe.

DEATH OF THE VENERABLE LA FAYETTE.

The packet ship Silas Richards, which arrived at New York, on Thursday last, with European papers up to the 24th of May, brings intelligence of the demise of the venerable LA FAYETTE. He died, at his own residence, on the 20th of May, at the advanced age of seventy-seven. We gather the following particulars from late French papers.

General La Fayette died on Tuesday morning at five o'clock. The close of his earthly career, is an event, which will be duly recorded in the history of France. During the last fifteen years of his life, he was the only individual alive, who had taken a leading part, and figured in a conspicuous manner, in the events of the first revolution. His political career is so well known, that it would be hardly necessary to enter into any thing like an account of it here. Up to his last hour, he retained the fullest possession of his mental faculties. The infirmities of age had only visited his physical frame. Both he and his intimate friends, had perceived many months ago, that he had began to sink. The decay of nature, however, was more rapid with him, than it had threatened when the first decided symptoms became visible. The venerable General was born on the 1st of September, 1757, and consequently wanted little more than three months to complete the age of 77. The wonderous scenes in both the New World and Old, in which the name of La Fayette was prominently distinguished, are among the most remarkable in the annals of mankind; and we may safely aver (without entering into abstract opinions on political doctrines,) that history does not in all her records, possess a name, which has passed through the searching ordeal of public opinion, even in the darkest and most tempestuous times, more pure and unsullied than his, whose death his country is called upon to deplore. The Chamber of Deputies paid him on Monday, the distinguished compliment of sending in its name to inquire after the state of his health.

Insanity of the King of England.—A rumor prevailed in France, that King William was labouring under mental aberation. It is denied by English papers. The following is an extract of a letter from Paris. [illegible]

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Bailey, T. Buck & Co. Brokers, Commission Merchants, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 20, 1834.

Ashes, pot	4 00	4	
pearl			
Beeswax		25	
Cotton, New Orleans			
Upland			
Flour, Penn.			
Ohio,			
Genesee			
Baltimore,			
Grain, Wheat, red			
white			
Rye			
Corn, yellow			
white			
Oats			
Barley			
Beans			
Seed, Clover			
Timothy			
Flax			
Flaxseed			
Hay, per ton			
Hops, 1833			
1834			
Lard			
Leather, Slaughter, sole			
Dressed hides			
Lime			
Molasses, Cuba,			
Havana,			
Porto Rico,			
Provisions, Beef, prime			
mess			
Pork, prime			
mess			
Navy, mess			
Butter			
Cheese			
Rice			
Salt, Turk's Island			
Liverpool, fine			
coarse			
Shot			
Soap, Castile			
Spirits, Brandy, Cognac			
Peach			
Apple			
Gin, Holland			
Jamaica, 1st proof			
Whiskey, Monongahela			
Country proof			
Sugar, Havana, white			
brown			
Louisiana			
Tallow			
Tea, Hyson			
Young Hyson			
Hyson Skin			
Gunpowder			
Imperial			
Souchong			
Bohea			
Tobacco, Kentucky			
Virginia			
Manufactured			
Wool, Merino, full blood, washed			
unwashed			
Merino, half blood			
Native			
Pulled, Lambs'			
Spinning			

Exchange on London—60 days sight, 9 a 9½ per cent. prem.
Sterling Exchange, 60 days sight, 108 a 108½.
Francs, 5.18¾ a 5.17½.
Specie—Mexican dollars, 100 a 100½.
Eagles, 100 a 100½.
Sovereigns, 4.84 a 4.84½.
Doubloons, 15.50 a 15.60.
Patriots, 15.50 a 15.60.
Bank Notes—Philadelphia, par.
Baltimore, par.
Boston, par.
New York, par.
Virginia, par.
North Carolina, par.
South Carolina, par.
Georgia, par.
Alabama, par.
Louisiana, par.
Mississippi, par.
Tennessee, par.
Kentucky, par.
Ohio, par.
Indiana, par.
Illinois, par.
Missouri, par.
Michigan, par.
Pittsburg, par.
Wheeling, par.
Steubenville, par.
Cincinnati, par.
Zanesville, par.
Chillicothe, par.
Columbus, par.
Lancaster, par.
Harrisburg, par.
Lewistown, par.
Reading, par.
Lancaster, par.
Carlisle, par.
Gettysburg, par.
Chambersburg, par.
Hagerstown, par.
Frederick, par.
Baltimore, par.
Washington, par.
Alexandria, par.
Fredericksburg, par.
Richmond, par.
Petersburg, par.
Norfolk, par.
Lynchburg, par.
Wilmington, par.
Newbern, par.
Fayetteville, par.
Raleigh, par.
Camden, par.
Charleston, par.
Georgetown, par.
Savannah, par.
Augusta, par.
Milledgeville, par.
Mobile, par.
New Orleans, par.
Natchez, par.
Vicksburg, par.
Nashville, par.
Knoxville, par.
Lexington, par.
Louisville, par.
Shawneetown, par.
Vincennes, par.
Terre Haute, par.
Indianapolis, par.
Detroit, par.
Michigan City, par.
Pittsburg, par.
Wheeling, par.
Steubenville, par.
Cincinnati, par.
Zanesville, par.
Chillicothe, par.
Columbus, par.
Lancaster, par.
Harrisburg, par.
Lewistown, par.
Reading, par.
Lancaster, par.
Carlisle, par.
Gettysburg, par.
Chambersburg, par.
Hagerstown, par.
Frederick, par.
Baltimore, par.
Washington, par.
Alexandria, par.
Fredericksburg, par.
Richmond, par.
Petersburg, par.
Norfolk, par.
Lynchburg, par.
Wilmington, par.
Newbern, par.
Fayetteville, par.
Raleigh, par.
Camden, par.
Charleston, par.
Georgetown, par.
Savannah, par.
Augusta, par.
Milledgeville, par.
Mobile, par.
New Orleans, par.
Natchez, par.
Vicksburg, par.
Nashville, par.
Knoxville, par.
Lexington, par.
Louisville, par.
Shawneetown, par.
Vincennes, par.
Terre Haute, par.
Indianapolis, par.
Detroit, par.
Michigan City, par.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, June 21, 1834.

Publication Office, No. 36 Carter's Alley, opposite the Girard House.

Our subscribers in Mobile, Alabama, are notified, that JOHN F. PAITLE is no longer agent for our periodicals. A new agent will be appointed shortly, of which due notice will be given.

MR. E. FORREST.

The distinguished American tragedian took a farewell benefit at the Chestnut Street Theatre on Monday, as appeared in the character of Baptiste, in Dr. Bird's play of the Broker of Bogota, which he performed with his usual success. The house was crowded. All the play bills announced a positive last call, Mr. F. came forward, and made a neat and pertinent address, in which he spoke, in a very feeling manner, of the kindness he had received at the hands of the public of his townsmen—a kindness which he modestly attributed more to personal regard than to any merit of his own. He remarked that it was probable he appeared in the character of an actor for the last time, as he was not aware that he should resume the stage on his return. He said he desired to correct an error that was prevalent, in regard to the object of his visit to Europe. That object, he alleged, was not, in any degree, connected with professional business; he did not go to seek an engagement, or with any view of appearing before the London public, but simply with a view of taking a tour on the continent. Mr. F.'s address throughout was creditable and appropriate, and it unquestionably rendered him still more closely to his numerous friends and admirers.

He concluded as follows—"It now remains for me to utter one word more—one little word—it is familiar to all ears—and has been repeated countless thousand times—but never did it fall from human lips with more sincere regret than I now utter ADIEU!"

A new Muzzle for Dogs.

In the Boston Courier of Wednesday, Mr. Meredith introduced an ordinance, calculated, more effectually than those now in existance, to secure our citizens against the dangers apprehended from dogs in the summer season. It provides that after the 4th of July next, instead of the leather strap now used, all dogs shall be muzzled with a substantial *wire basket*, placed so as effectually to prevent their biting, and yet not encumbering or hiding. This muzzle is believed to be much easier for the animal than the strap now used, while at the same time it is more effectual. A dog with a strap is not prevented from being, but with the wire basket, this will be impossible, as the whole mouth is enclosed. The apertures between the wires will enable him to breathe and drink with as much facility as if he were without a muzzle.

Mr. Meredith, in supporting this ordinance, remarked that the present regulations in regard to dogs were entirely insufficient, as fully appeared by the late accident in Washington Square, where a gentleman from the south, his lady, and child, were all bitten, a few days since, by an animal supposed to be in a state of rabies. He said that this incident was disgraceful to the city, and called imperatively for the prompt action of Councils. He believed that the wire basket muzzle would be an effectual security against the bite of dogs, as the experiment had already been tried in this city, with entire success. Mr. M added that in France, a regulation of this kind has been in existance.

The ordinance was adopted without opposition, and promptly concurred in by the Common Council. A similar ordinance should be passed by each of the incorporated districts of the county, when the nuisance to which it refers would be in a great measure removed.

A meeting of the owners and agents of vessels engaged in the transportation of passengers and steerage from Liverpool, was held in N. York, on the 12th inst. at the request of the British Consul. Reference was made in the proceedings, to the late disasters which have attended the passenger vessels from Liverpool. Several meetings have been held, and in their proceedings they complain that they are compelled to labour on an average from eighteen to twenty hours each day, for six days in the week, and often seven or eight dollars per week. Among the instances of severe labour submitted in the report made to the Trade's Union, are the following:

"1st. Three men and a boy have had to bake 60 barrels per week, have had to labor 115 hours each week, (being nearly six men's work) and have received 50 cents per barrel.

"2d. Four men have had to bake 34 barrels per week, have had to labor 112 hours each week (being nearly six men's work) and have received about 60 cents per barrel.

"3d. Five men have had to bake from 65 to 70 barrels per week; has to labor in this city for a number of years, our curiosity is naturally excited. Mr. Mills' balloon is large, and handsomely decorated. The ascension will take place in the afternoon, from an enclosed lot near the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

Mr. Eugene Robertson ascended in a balloon from New Orleans, on Wednesday last. He took a boat in Battery about seven, in the presence of a numerous concourse of people, and descended in about 25 minutes after, on Long Island, about 18 miles distant. The ascension gave great satisfaction.

BALLOON ASCENSION.

Mr. Mills, the young gentleman of Baltimore, who has recently made several successful ascensions from Baltimore, has arrived in this city, and will ascend in his balloon on Thursday next. As an incident of this kind has not occurred in this city for a number of years, our curiosity is naturally excited. Mr. Mills' balloon is large, and handsomely decorated. The ascension will take place in the afternoon, from an enclosed lot near the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE KENTUCKIAN IN NEW YORK.

This is the title of a new novel, written by a gentleman of New York, just published by the Messrs. Harpers. It is an unpretending, but a lively work, well designed, and so carried out, as to produce a striking contrast of character in the association of northern and southern travellers. A contemporary critic says, of the author, that "his Virginian, the Carolinian, and his Kentuckian, are certainly the most accurate portraits we have ever seen; infinitely superior, both in correctness and finish, to the sketches which form the staple of our general run of plays and stories. His Kentuckian, especially, is admirable; and by bringing him to New York, and taking him from his native haunts, opens new, pertinent, and diverting, he has been enabled to show up his native humour, simplicity, and drollery, in fine contrast with the fashionables, and artificial sentiment of the city." We may add, that cockney travellers, young bucks of the city, who show their breeding by their foppish airs, are severely, but not unjustly handled by the writer, who has certainly contributed to introduce much amusement in his work.

UNCLE PHILIP'S CONVERSATIONS.

The fourth number of this useful little work has just issued from the press of Boyd and Gould's Library," containing Uncle Philip's Conversations upon the Evidences of Christianity." It is admirably adapted for the instruction of the juvenile reader. The evidences are drawn partly from the Scriptures and writings of the first martyrs, and other early Christians, and partly from modern incidents, calculated to interest and instruct, and leave a lasting impression on the mind. The work is written in a popular and entertaining style. We know of none more suitable for the hands of children.

Mr. H. Perkins, Chesnut street, from whom we have received copies of the above, has constantly on hand a supply of all the works issued by the Harpers.

NEW LAW WORK.

Mr. J. S. Littell, Law Bookseller of this city, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, a work which will be entitled "Littell's Laws in Force," and which will prove a very valuable auxiliary to the Law Library owned by the same gentleman.

We refer to a "Complete Series of *Law Reports*, in all the United States," the different records of the Common Law, and continued to the time at which Dunford and East began their Reports, commencing with Lord Raymond's Reports,—the fifth edition, containing the Reports, the notes of John Bayley Esq. now one of the Barons of the Exchequer. By Charles James Gale, Esq. of the Middle Temple."

The Reports will be stored in the style of the Law Library, under the superintendence of James C. Biddle and G. M. Wharton, Esqrs, of the Philadelphia Bar. A part will be published every month. Each part will contain 320 royal octavo pages. Subscription price $10, for twelve parts.

This enterprise cannot fail, we should think, to receive the hearty encouragement of the profession.

THE LAW LIBRARY

For *July*, has already been issued. The great regularity of publication—the beautiful dress in which it appears—and above all the invaluable contents of this publication, are conducted, render it truly acceptable to the American Bar. Indeed its plan and execution in all respects, give it the strongest claims upon the support of the profession generally, in the United States.

The present number has a fine article on the Treaties on the Equitable Doctrine of the Conversion of Property, by J. H. Lough, and R. Dalzell, Esqrs, of Lincoln's Inn, London, and a large paper making a book of "A practical Treatise on the Law of Partition; with an appendix, containing the Statutes, and a selection of Precedents. By Charles Blake Allnatt, Esq."

The number of Littell's Law Library is the first which has appeared under the editorial superintendence of W. Purdon, the able successor of Messrs. Sergeant and Lowber, in the conduct of the work, whose high reputation as a sound and able advocate and lawyer, the utmost confidence may be felt in the continued usefulness and popularity of the Library.

Mr. J. S. Littell, Law Publisher, No. 11 George st. is the proprietor, and by whom subscriptions at $10 per annum, will be received.

Carpenter's Compound Extract, is highly commended for its efficacy in curing burns, wounds, sores &c. &c. It is highly esteemed in scientific principles, and has been successfully used in regular practice. Dr. A. Draper, has the proprietors a satisfactory testimonial of the merits of this extract.

LEVANA MATRIMONY.—Our friend Noah, of New York, is no longer president of the Bachelors' Club of that city, or Mr. McDonald Clarke would not be permitted, without receiving a rap over the knuckles, to be one night thirty miles in the interior, that most unfortunate and persecuted class of beings. The glory of Bachelorship has faded in Gotham, and Clarke utters what he pleases, and can now murmur to call his countenance. Where are the members of the Junior Club, lately formed, that the slanders of this lecturer are not refuted! In one of his late lectures he remarked:

"In the vast flower field of human affection, the old bachelor is the wily scare-crow of happiness, who drives away the little birds of love, and leaves only the hemlock seeds of loneliness and despair. Where is there a more forlorn object than a bachelor? A man who has no amiable woman interested in his welfare? How cold must be his morning's meal, taken by himself! How cheerless his evening's repast, when he comes home at night, wet, and hungry, and finds a cold hearth—a barren table—and a lonely pillow! He has not the white arm of every one of his enjoyment! See the sick old bachelor in the dark alone, with his cough, and his pain, and his fear of death! Not a solitary ear of memory gleans over the dusk of his departing years—the waving grain is bent, like a blessing, over his dying bed—no food touched, to draw his chilly hand into the soft pressure of love, or to warm it with

Wednesday's edition of Bells,
Which proves it all the Slyvester.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Captain Boy in the Shop, Which Introduces Spontaneous, &c.—Shoban's Boney.

By Simon, by the side of Hellespont Tim,
Who lived in a house that he heard my,
He might be John or Jameson, for I'm not exact in the name.

But that people usually called him Captain Boy.

The lord is bloody work, and as cruel as a Turk
Or Nero's cook I believe of either guy;
Chris's cakes and ale, and other luxuries that thirty-five
Was the number of the wives of gay old Captain Boy.

How much dear was double barr'd, and a merry
heart good
In front of every window, night and day;
Yet as laugh, I grieve to tell, the strong inclination fell
On the sober countenance of Captain Boy.

But whether those luxuries she intrigued the marriage
knives,
Or because her raven ringlets were turning grey,
I know not—sure she hates, let be resolved to have her
quietly,
And pondered into the river—cruel Captain Boy.

So he stayed her at a nod, and he took her on his
knee,
And then to the bathtowpin went up, well-a-day!
For to rest her in silken, and to let her sworn or dove,
Was the very pills design of jealous Captain Boy.

Now behold you, as he went to fulfil this dire intent,
The lady kicked so sturdily, that a stark gave way,
And her right foot getting out, she lustily fell about
Like a mad thing, and screaming call Captain Boy.

"Ho! Holmes, he rushed," cried he, "and fetch a then
Within thread and packing-needle, pretty since I say;
For the mummy we must bind, or she'll run out in
Boy!"

But O! pop her in as surely as my name's Captain
Boy!"

Now Holmes herself was the second on the shelf,
And entered those strange proceedings with great
decency;
"For," observed she, "if he get wo'st, 'tis I'll be bagged
next!
But I'll play a trick worth two of that on Captain
Boy.

So back again she put, the elder lady's foot
She sewed it in decorously and without delay;
And then in the coffin she placed it, as examined of his
own accord.

Saying, "Well, she she deserves it all, Captain Boy."

Now the old boy thinking, to do the job like working,
Gets up upon the parapet above the quay;
He grows the bag a heave, when—howdacy! who'd believe
How?
He tumbled in along with Mistress Captain Boy.

Three days it was and more, ere the bodies came on
Four lords'd in one another's arms were they!
Four lords'd in one another's arms were they!
But sweet it is decorously and without delay;
And the Captain and his lady are re-united of his
own accord.

Saying, "Well, she she deserves it all, Captain Boy."

A burlesque militia muster has lately taken place at Worcester, Mass. The Quarter Master General's duties were performed by a sergeant, and a squadron of the activest court was crowded with crackers for bullets, and nothing of harness but tomahawks caged. Lots of men duo-coated with bunches of long moss gears for caps, and laced with strings of dried apple. For a second it seemed a really stirring affair.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

"TELL IT AGAIN."—A German parson, in an adjoining county, had been in the habit of preaching with some of his congregation, when an Irishman, who was a stranger to the place and to the pastor, one Lord's day, of having made several attempts to get into the church, and finding the doors closed against him, he spoke to his lady calling. After he had gone, he made a second attempt, and succeeded in getting in, and the parson was preaching from a text which he had taken from the Irishman's observation. The Irishman became insulted by the parson, who, after the service was over, called to the Irishman, and asked him what he meant by such conduct. "Why, honey," said the Irishman, "I was only repeating the service was usually closed."—In truth! I thought you were preaching from a text, and only recurring to myself from the effects of short, quiet communion of where he was, and doubting whether I had been in church or not, I thought I was hearing that same sermon I had heard before, and that was in a last room instead of a pulpit. The congregation were thrown into a great confusion and laughter, dismissed themselves, leaving the parson and Irishman to make the best of the matter.

No End for Music.—A bachelor of Worcester had a fine taste for dancing on the evening of carrying before to meeting, which he considers all but an unpardonable sin. He has children, however, in the form of a child. "I can stand him and face a horn, mean; I can brook the tempest, and listen to the roar of the ocean; but I will never set me from the sea of sacklings in the house of God."

There is a story told of the late Lord Mansfield, when Chief Justice of the King's Bench, that he, first retained, upon a Counsel, who in a very marked and angry tone, told him that he entirely differed with him before what upon. His Lordship replied, "Sir, I am sure you do! I know that very well; you are paid to do so."

A Frenchman called at a federal tavern for a gill of wine, which was brought him, observed that the quality was very small, and that it was dear. "Sir," said Finance to bring the liquor in a tearaway. "Aye," said the landlord, "but we don't wish to introduce those French measures here."

The Reason Why.—A small lad asked permission of his mother to go to a ball. She told him it was a bad place for boys. "Why, mother, didn't you and father use to go to balls when you was young?" "Yes, my child, but we went to get married." answered the mother. "Well mother—as—married—the—ones—you want to see the folly of it too."

An anecdote is related of John Henderson, who died at Oxford a the early of age thirty-two, and of whom it was said that he knew all that was to be known, and had acquired a remarkable ascendancy over his tempter, and his conversation was the delight of the most learned and cultivated. A student of a neighboring college, proud of his own acquirements, was desirous of a private disputation with the renowned Henderson. A subject was selected, and they agreed for the time and place of meeting. The student came at the appointed hour, but Henderson's antagonist soon lost his confidence, composure, and at length his temper. Henderson, unmoved, and in the midst of the storm, quietly remarked, he so far forgot the character of a gentleman as to be angry. "Angry!" exclaimed the student, "who is angry?" "Why, you are," answered Henderson without changing countenance, or putting down his pipe, "and I am sorry for it, and really must request you to leave the room."

Short Yarn.—It is a great pity that *Jack* never can learn to provide for a rainy day. A sailor is often a very improvident man. He will spend his last cent on even a question he almost ever does tantalizingly. Jack is a very good fellow, and a favorite with the tome's late crew, who are rambling about the city, and spending their money as if they were possessions. Jack is a welcome guest.

A few days since, two of those genuine sons of Neptune, jovial, generous, and as free as the ocean they sing slowly down State street, when one of them proposing a glass of ale, they both put in for it. Jack wished to speak, and not being able to let down the back window, thrust his fist through the glass, and told the bar-keeper to send in the ale. The latter remonstrated angrily against such proceedings, and demanded payment for the damage done. Jack asked the amount. John answered 6 50. Jack pulled out his pocket-book, and handed the bar-keeper a bill, the hand of the gentleman, who declared he couldn't change it. "Never mind," said Jack, tossing the change on the opposite side of the street, "I can square the yards."

A pair of lovers went into a fancy goods store last week to purchase some handkerchiefs and ribbons, and while the young man was busily engaged in looking at the goods, and one of them took the package in her hand, and they straightway ascended to secret to him. "I'll call and buy it and pay for it to-morrow." "No, you don't pay for the twine, you have and round the bundle." "Then I'll send the money." "No, you don't. I'll go to you to the word, be threw a silver dollar on the counter, and vanished.

One of them was asked a few days since to step on and the Hymeneal altar, "I will never go to see," said he, with such an ugly-looking head lobber on her brow."

Tune—"Old Dan Tucker." Written by *Figure Head* of Andrew Jackson—*Boston Journal*.

The Boy that became a Traitor.—There are few things more disgraceful or seldom than to be cruel to those who are dependent upon us for the care of themselves. If I see a child pull off the wings of an insect, or throw stones at a cat, I feel sure that I am not too fond upon a worm, I am sure that there is something wrong in the heart of that boy who is so engaged. There was once a boy who loved to give pain to every thing that came in his way, over which he had any power, and got a great deal of sport in the mustering Robin, and torture the unfeeling Pussy. Cats and dogs, in the presence of this boy, had a sad hours, he delighted to worry and distress. I do not know that he ever killed any animal that he did. He was told that such deeds were wrong. He had a lady with whom he lived used to warn and reprove him, but it was of no use. He grew up to be a man. When he grew up he became a soldier. He was never sorry to see a man wounded, and blood running upon the earth. He became so wicked as to lay a plan to betray his country, and he sold it into the hands of the enemy. This is no less treason. But he was discovered, and fled. He never dared to return to his native land, but lived destroyed, and died miserably at a foreign clime. Such was the end of the cruel boy, who loved to give pain to animals. His name was Benedict Arnold. He was born at Norwich, in Connecticut, a beautiful city of his land, in command of his country.

From a London paper.

Royal Backwardness.—Lord Lee, "a prime social bit-sticker," was brought in custody before Sir Hallo, charged with having assaulted a porter in a house of ill-fame in front of Waterloo-bridge, Strand; and while so engaged, the defendant, who had evidently smuggled some up and torn down a bell which, with other articles, was in the room, threw him, the prisoner struck him two twice, gave him a black eye, and knocked him down.

Complainant, a heavy-looking fellow, when called upon to be sworn, replied in snubs, and—Why, your Worship, this here man comes to the place with his lawful wife, and wants to make me out to be a Tyler Jim tall that I had put up that morning. I warned him civilly not to do so." "Well," says he, "you mean," (Mr. Hallo) "you mean to say that Tyler Jim," said he to strike one of his bills over mine, and I pulled down again; and then he shoves me, and I shoves him, and he we kept shoving about until at last he had a rap at me, and we fought; how he sounds, tell the new police gentleman coming up, and the complainant, instead of fighting it out in a quiet respectable way, preferred to make a row in the street.

Mr. Hallo.—"I want to know which of you struck the first blow?"

Complainant—"He struck me first, your Worship, and gave me this black eye, and then he knocked me down, and threw his paste over me. Just look, your Worship, I am all smeared over with it."—(laughter.)

Defendant—"And look at my clean shirt, your Worship, that was given me this morning. See how it's smeared with his paste-pot, and my pocket is full of it, too."—(renewed laughter.)

Mr. Hallo (to the police constable)—"What did you see of this?"

Constable—When I came up, your Worship, they were both on the ground, rolling about, one on top of the other, as if they were fighting for life."

Defendant—I dare say I did give him the first tap, but then he gave me the first shove, and a shove is as good as a blow, your Worship."

Mr. Hallo—You had better step aside, and see if you can't make it up."

Defendant—That's just what I want your Worship, I have not the slightest objection to this morning. But how it's smeared with his paste-pot, and my pocket is full of it, too."—(renewed laughter.)

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